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HUMOROUS WEEKLY

Puck

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THE THREATENED SILVER FLOOD.

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PUCK'S CARTOONS.

THE THREATENED SILVER FLOOD.

Neptune Sherman is represented pouring out such a flood of silver dollars, that Credit stands a very good chance of being swamped, unprovided as she is with Boyton's life-preserving dress. As a Secretary of the Treasury, Sherman is not a success; he seems entirely out of his element, although he is anxious to distinguish himself in his new office. All the schemes and projects for the management of our finances are supposed to have but one end in view, viz: the resumption of specie payments, and the best way to begin this is to withdraw the superfluous greenbacks, and offer long bonds at a low rate of interest in exchange for them. Hoarding heaps of gold and flooding the country with silver will do the business neither speedily nor satisfactorily.

THE TAMMANY CHIEF AND HIS DANCING BEAR.

The comparative lull in National and State politics has been varied by the recent semi-public entertainment of some distinguished Democrats—the ill-treated Tilden and Hendricks, and Governor Lucius Robinson. It is of Lucius only we would speak, and at the same time would caution him against becoming the tool of Mr. John Kelly, who wants the Governor to use his influence with Mayor Ely that the latter may be guided by the benign and unselfish influence of Tammany in making appointments. Neither man is exactly after Autocrat Kelly's own heart, but circumstances compel him to accept them. Governor Robinson dances very well to Kelly's music—but he's not the man we took him for if he allows himself to be dictated to and played upon by Tammany, and cuts all the capers that the arrogant Indian piper may desire.

BEN BUTLER pauses for a moment, to let the gore drip off him.

"AUNTS and mothers-in-law have their value; after all," remarks an exchange. Yes; but like everything else, their value is relative.

"FAITH" is the modest name of a hamlet among the New Hampshire hills. It must be a good place for a man to live up to.

A GEORGIA colored man has just traded off his farm of sixty acres for a lot of chickens, ducks and turkeys. It seems strange he should have parted with his homestead for such a poultry consideration as that.

WE hear that the St. Louis School Board has abolished Girls' Commencements. Well, perhaps St. Louis can do without girls—from Eve downwards they've always been a nuisance—boys begin bad enough, and often end worse.

TELEPHONOGRAMS.

LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM 'PUCK'S' SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT.



TURCO-RUSSIAN CAMP.

My heart bleeds for Nicsic. Of all the much-nomenclatured places at the seat of war, this is the most unfortunate. Would you believe that it has not yet been re-victualled? Since the struggle commenced, Nicsic has cried for victuals, but in vain. Please interest the Bostonians in this matter and get them to send on at once some baked pork and beans to the Nicsickites.

P. S.—A whole cargo of shrimps has just arrived.—Nicsic re-victualled at last! I breathe again.

The *Herald* correspondent at Tobolsk, Siberia, attempted, single-handed, to capture a Turkish ironclad at Lakesoskigeorgi. He was blown to atoms by a well-directed split-pea from an eight-ton gun in the hands and pistol-pocket of Hobart Pasha. His limbs are considerably scattered, and the Czar heads an expedition to look for the right leg. When the *Herald* man has collected all the pieces of himself, and is again hung together, he will resume his enterprising correspondence, as, he says, it is awkward writing without a head.

1 p. m.
 The Russians have crossed the Danube.

2 p. m.
 The Muscovites haven't crossed the Danube.

3 p. m.
 The Czar's troops will cross the Danube.

4 p. m.
 The troops of the Emperor of Russia won't cross the Danube.

5 p. m.
 The armies of Russia will cross the Danube, if they can.

6 p. m.
 The Russian forces won't, if they can't.

7 p. m.
 The Russian troops will positively be on the other side of the Danube next week.

8 p. m.
 The soldiers of Russia will cross the Danube the day after the middle of next yesterday week.

9 p. m.
 The Northern Barbarians won't have crossed the Danube until they think about it.

10 p. m.
 The Danube can do without them.

Puckerings.

EPAMINONDAS was a great man, and Poca-hontas did her duty in irreproachable style; but it is to sing the praises of the summer board advertiser, whose farm is not within two minutes walk of the railway station, that PUCK tunes his lyre.

It was all very well for little Johnny Burke, of Hester Street, to hold that early fire-cracker in his teeth, last Monday, but unless they celebrate Fourth of July in heaven he has missed that interesting and well-founded institution this year.

The dairies are blossoming out again along Broadway and Nassau street; but the same old inexorable and implacable fate is waiting at the portal to direct the hungry editor's steps to the table presided over by the cross-eyed girl with a wart on her chin.

THERE are Chattertons in the world of today; and the tragedy of life throws its pall over us even in childhood's earliest hour; but there is no instance on record of a young man committing suicide on the same day that his summer suit came home.

It was midnight in Union Square, and he thus addressed his summer straw hat, which had fallen off: "Now, look—hic—ahere, ol' fel', if I picksh you up—hic—I'll fall, tha's sure. If I fall—hic—you won' pick me up—no, shir! Guesh I'll leave you—hic—don' wont to talk to fel' like you—hic an'how!"

HORATIO SEYMOUR still lives, and is to deliver a Fourth of July oration in Oneida, N. Y. We trust the honorable gentleman will, with characteristic prudence, avoid committing himself as to the merits of the late little unpleasantness with our British cousins. It might create bad feeling, if he expressed any decided opinion.

AN exchange tells us that John G. Saxe, when writing, sits with his chair tipped back and his feet braced against some object. Quite correct. President Hayes always writes with his head in a bucket of water, with his left elbow resting on his big toe. Anna Dickinson invariably composes in a recumbent position, with striped stockings and a crown of thorns on each ankle, and carries her ink-bottle in her right ear. G. W. Childs can't get inspiration for his obituaries unless placed in a coffin hermetically sealed, with a copy of the *Sun* for a pillow. William M. Evarts writes in a balloon with a horse-brush on blue blankets, and uses Stockholm tar in preference to ink.

WHAT is the matter with the clergymen? The profession, by and by, will become synonymous with all that is naughty. Now the Rev. S. H. McGhee, of Dixon, Ill., has only been convicted of poisoning his wife, and is to have fourteen years of penitentiary for his pains. He—poor fellow—wanted to marry a young lady parishioner, having tired of his better-half. Then the Rev. E. D. Hopkins, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, has had five indictments found against him by the grand jury—two for forgery, and three for the misappropriation of moneys. It wouldn't be a bad idea to establish a jail for delinquent pastors, and to make Beecher chaplain, with privilege of preaching in Plymouth Church on Sundays; and the other inmates could hold services daily. Then people could go to jail, instead of to church, which in many cases would do them much more good.

GRANT'S EXAMINATION PAPERS.

HIS "GREAT GO."

IT is not generally known that ex-President Grant will be unable to accept the honor of Doctor of Civil Law which the University of Oxford proposes to confer upon him, until he has passed a rigid examination.

But as he has the privilege of choosing his own subjects, and these will only be such in which he has acquired proficiency, the chances of his being plucked will not be so great as might be imagined. The following are the examination papers:

PAPER I.

BOTANY.

Examiner: Archbishop of Canterbury.

1. What is the relation between cigars and cabbage-leaf, if any?
2. What are cigars, and who invented them?
3. Simplify the theory of Improbable Possibilities, as applied to the flavor of cigars, and prove it syllogistically.
4. Describe a Regalia Britannica; a Rosa Concha; an Española; a Reina Victoria.
5. How can an imported cigar be distinguished from a domestic one?
6. How many cigars ought a healthy man to smoke daily?

PAPER II.

HYDROSTATICS.

Examiner: Col. Valentine Baker.

1. What is the connection between Hydrostatics and Whiskey straighties, if any?
2. Explain the terms "Tight," "Full," "Three sheets in the wind," "On a tare," "Blind drunk."
3. If a man tries to wind up his watch with his night-key or corkscrew, what important conclusions may be drawn?
4. Give the formulæ of the component parts of Santa-Cruz-sours, Gin-cocktails, Brandy-smashes, Mint juleps, Whiskey-sours.

PAPER III.

HISTORY AND CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

Examiner: "Lady Mary" Pierrepont.

1. Give a short critical history of the Whiskey Ring, the Army Ring, the Navy Ring, the Credit Mobilier and the Safe Burglary.
2. What is a Post-trader?
3. Should a guilty man be allowed to escape?
4. What is meant by "going behind the returns" and "counting out"?
5. Are Southern States entitled to any legitimate government?

X.

PUCK rises to a question of privilege. He wishes to call the attention of the world to certain hitherto neglected geniuses in the ranks of the paragraphers. These are the gentlemen who fill with scintillations of wit and fancy the columns of the *Boston Courier*, the *Trenton Herald*, the *San Francisco Argonaut*, and the *Dubuque Telegraph*.

The most admirable trait in the composition of these individuals is their keen, instantaneous appreciation of humor. They read Puck with commendable assiduity, and so enraptured are they with the quality of the humor with which his columns teem, that they have got into the habit of copying his paragraphs regularly and liberally. It is sad to record, however, that they just as regularly forget to credit the said paragraphs.

If these paragraphic artists retain much longer their wonderful receptive faculty, and their exquisite taste in humor, Puck means to publish their portraits, as a supplement to the *Graphic's* full-page group.

DANA AS A DAMPER.



OUR rival American humorist, the New York *Sun*, has introduced a sort of Love's department, wherein ointments for bleeding hearts are offered in sweet words and pungent paragraphs. But we don't think that Dana, as a conductor on Cupid's railway, is much of a success. He ought to stick to his legitimate business of blackguarding the President of the United States. He has been in that trade so long that the softer and subtler walks of journalism don't suit him at all.

A perplexed Christian youth recently wrote to find out whether it were the correct thing for a young man of numerous and brilliant accomplishments, and teeming, as it were, with the upper-crustedness of American society, to wed a maiden meek and lowly, but good—awfully good—without his parents' consent.

The severe and scathing response from Dana, the dutiful, was: never, while life remains, never wed the maiden of your young affections, if you are beyond and above her in a scale of social magnificence, unless your pa and ma are willing.

This is too much for us. Why should the terrible editor of the terrible *Sun* crush two young hearts at one fell blow, and spoil a young girl's chances of matrimony in such a manner? She may be a beautiful creature, rich in all things but American dollars of her forefathers, and glowing with the radiance of love, youth and ambition to tackle shirt-buttons. Should the sweet dream of her girlhood be shattered by an unfeeling editor—self-imposed censor of a fraudulent President?

THIS is just the sweet time of the year
When the Western Tragedian gets here.

He assumes a grand air;
As he strikes Union Square,
And waits to hear some one say beer.

HISTRIONIC BULLDOZING.



THE world will learn with distress that Mr. William R. Floyd is uneasy in his mind. Mr. Floyd some time ago came on from Boston, to make a dead failure in "The Danicheffs." He then returned to the Modern Athens, but came hitherward again more recently, and made another dead failure in "Waves." Feeling that he was losing caste among his associates, and being clothed in a very little particularly brief authority as stage manager at Wallack's during the run of the last-mentioned play, Mr. Floyd composed and hung up in the green-room the following notice:

"Any member of the company heard speaking disparagingly of this play will be immediately discharged."

This may have been very learned and wise and decent, though we don't see it. But how far it will go toward enabling its author to reassert himself in his profession, remains to be discovered. Perhaps it would be well for Mr. Floyd to give up his present business entirely, and go to running a county poorhouse, or a Missouri newspaper, or a slaughter-house, or some other line where delicate discretion and refined courtesy would show to advantage.

A poetical youth yclept Fawcett,
As a critic endeavored to boss it;
But the "potes" he reviewed
Were not greatly subdued;
They refused to be bulldozed by Fawcett.

SUMMER RESORT NOTES.

MONTCLAIR mosquitoes are through with the spring exercises, and are in fine condition and ready for action. The season commences next week.

The Grand Union, DEADWOOD CITY's chief hotel, has stretched a mile and a half of clothes-line, over which it is estimated 500 guests may be hung.

The WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS have been toned up with mature eggs, and are ready for the summer-stricken invalid.

The CATSKILLS are prepared for visitors, and it is confidently hoped that fully a pint and a half of water will be turned on at the falls, if the rainy weather holds out.

HOBOKEN hasn't any mineral waters, but it has beer enough for any number of summer visitors.

SEA CLIFF opens its briny arms and bids perspiring Americans to come and sniff salt until further notice.

BATH, L. I., will rejoice in the Florences as summer attractions, and the mighty dollar will, of course, be spent there too.

ERZEROUM is a good place to pass the summer, but papas can't go and come on the same day, as they might if it was on the Hudson.

DELAWARE WATER GAP hasn't been sealed up, and is open to engagements.

JONES WOOD will preserve all the attractions of previous seasons, and under the popular and judicious management of the Joneses, will continue to attract the culture and blue blood of the metropolis.

MAMARONECK does not offer clam-bakes, but there is talk of establishing a lunatic asylum there, which will add to the many objects of interest for which this charming locality is already famous.

COHASSET has published an advertisement, calling for 500 men to eat soft shell clams at two dollars a dozen, with the alternative of ice-cream and crackers.

FRENZY.

Frenzy in human beings is dangerous at intervals. But there are times when a little touch of the frantic will save a man's life. When the youth with the poem on Summer draws near to pour his plaintively poetic tale into your ear, arise in your frenzy and wither him and he will disappear like a harlequin through a trap-door.

When the ubiquitous tailor with his irrepressible bill walks calmly into your sanctum, grow frantic, stiffen the sinews, etc., and it will require, then, as much skill for the tailor to collect that bill, as it does for you to raise the wind in sufficiency.

Answers for the Avaricious.

QUINCY TAYLOR.—Keep on like this, and you'll win, before you know it, the proud position on the lofty heights of tragic fame, which are suggested as being among the possibilities of your future. Your article on the "Delights of Study" is a very fine one. It is interesting, dignified and instructive; also moral. But in sending it to us, you overlooked one important element of the situation. Puck is a humorous paper. And so, though your contribution would no doubt shine brilliantly in the pages of the *Scientific Monthly*, or the *Nineteenth Century*, or the *Omaha Herald*, we are obliged to decline it, along with some highly artistic papers on "Infiltration as a Disinfectant," "Hydrostatics in their Relations to the Malthusian Theory," "The Imponderability of Asparagus Tips," and others.



THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

WHAT should we do without the *Herald*? It not only, among its numerous price-less boons, gives the latest war news, furnishes us with the addresses of the most eminent quack doctors, and delights us with mysterious personal advertisements, but it liberally throws open its columns to those unfortunate beings who have been unable, in the ordinary course of existence, to find helpmeets. Sunday is the day on which these unhappy individuals trot out their misery like Roman beggars, inviting pity by their afflictions; and what creature bearing the outward or inward semblance of a woman could resist such an appeal as this:

A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN, REFINED, CONSIDERED for the honorability of his profession and the morality of his person, wishes to get married with a reasonable and mindful lady who possesses fortune in conformity with his own. Address IVAN, Herald office.

As "Ivan" is "considered for the honorability of his profession and the morality of his person," we take it that his fortune consists largely of the above admirable qualities; but it was a shocking oversight on his part not to tell us what his profession is. Is he a foreign waiter, a Brummagem jewelry or match peddler, a barber's assistant, or a lager-beer bar-tender? The lack of this information throws grave doubts on "the morality of his person." Nevertheless, we hope that refined Ivan may manage to scoop in a "reasonable and mindful lady" although neither reasonableness nor mindfulness are common in women. And as for her fortune, in conformity with Ivan's own, we trust she may possess all the honorability of profession and morality of person he might desire, for they are "an excellent thing in woman."

Our next friend rends our heart-strings, as follows:

A GENTLEMAN QUITE INDEPENDENT, DISTINGUISHED situation and liberal profession, wishes for matrimonial views, to make the acquaintance of a 30 or 40 year lady, of a fine education, agreeable appearance and in good circumstances. LOYALTY, Herald office.

"Loyalty" wishes for matrimonial views. Well, he oughtn't to have to go far for these; almost any police court or divorce court will furnish him with an unlimited amount of views of matrimonial felicity; or, if he wants to do the thing properly, why doesn't he go to Utah at once, and consult Brigham Young, who has, without exception, the best stock of matrimonial views in America on hand? "Loyalty" is evidently of a "horsey" turn of mind, as he speaks of a 30 or 40 year old lady as he would of a two-year old colt, but as he is "quite independent, distinguished situation and liberal profession," we mustn't grumble at the phraseology of such a phenomenon.

LADY ABOUT 30, OF LIBERAL MEANS, FOR WIFE BY HENRY I., Herald office.

There is a delightful ambiguity about the above, wondrously fascinating. It might almost mean anything. Is Henry I. the father by his wife of lady about 30 of liberal means for wife, or is lady about 30 named Henry I., and does she want liberal means for wife, or do liberal means for wife want lady about 30 for Henry I., or does the *Herald* office want Henry I. by liberal means for 30 ladies about for a wife?

The last advertisement is somewhat more perspicuous, although we are at a loss to understand why it should be under the head of Matrimonial.

TWO YOUNG FOREIGN GENTLEMEN WOULD LIKE to make the acquaintance of two young American ladies with the view of practising the English language during a joined stay in the country. Address FOREIGN, box 125 Herald office.

We can picture to ourselves the delicious dalliance and enjoyment of these young bucolic foreigners with the young American ladies during their "joined" stay in the country; and we'd give a trifle to see our two young countrywomen who, through this advertisement, are to practice the English language with these simple, unsophisticated youths. Our disinterested advice to all American young ladies would be, not to make a "joined" stay in the country with any such impertinent jackanapes, not to practice the English language with them; and lastly, not to read the indecent advertisements in the matrimonial column of the *Herald*.

BEHIND THE JOURNALISTIC SCREEN.

HOW A DAILY NEWSPAPER IS RUN.

TIME, the present. SCENE, Editorial Rooms of a daily paper; Managing Editor at his desk looking over dispatches; fifteen or twenty assistant editors and reporters scattered about, writing and conversing in low tones; motto hanging on wall: "It shines for all—price two cents." DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, Managing Editor and subordinates.

MANAGING ED. "Jones!"

JONES. "Well, sir?"

MANAGING ED. "Here's a cablegram saying that Grant is meeting with a warm reception in England; that the people are thronging to see and pay homage to the greatest of American generals."

JONES. "Yes, what of it?"

MANAGING ED. "Well, that will never do. I want you to write a letter, dated at Liverpool, just before Grant sailed, saying that Minister Pierrepont and the American consuls are fixing things to give the ex-President a royal reception; and that if he is received with unusual honor, it will be due to their efforts instead of being a free and spontaneous expression of English good-will. I guess that will take the wind out of Grant's sails. Be sure and date the letter back far enough, so it would have time to get here by steamer."

JONES. "All right, sir."

Mr. Jones commences writing his Liverpool letter. The managing editor picks up a copy of the Cincinnati "Gazette" and glances over its columns. Sees something he don't like. Turns to Jingle, the funny-man of the staff, and remarks:

"Mr Jingle, are you busy?"

JINGLE. "Not very; just putting the finishing touches to an article on G. W. Childs, A. M."

MANAGING EDITOR. "Well, when you get that done I want you to construct a humorous editorial on The Truly Good Deacon. Don't forget to bring in the usual allusion to his desperately wicked partners and eccentric legs."

JINGLE. "Yes, sir, it shall be done."

[Boy comes in from composing room with a page of "copy" in his hand, and pauses in front of the chief editor's desk.]

MANAGING ED. "What is it, sonny?"

BOY. "Please, Mr. Editor, the foreman says as how there must be a mistake in this 'copy'; it speaks of President Hayes, and he wants to know if it's all right."

MANAGING ED. "Of course it isn't right. Hayes isn't President in this office, and I want

all the men who work on the paper to understand it."

[Takes the "copy" and carefully crosses out the word President, and in its place substitutes plain "Mr.," then hands it back to boy, who hurries out.]

[Presently enters a seedy-looking customer, who approaches the manager and applies for a job as reporter. The following conversation ensues:]

MANAGING ED. "So you want a position as reporter, do you?"

APPLICANT. "Yes, sir."

MANAGING ED. "Well, we have a series of questions which we invariably put to all applicants. If you can answer them in a satisfactory manner, I guess there will be no trouble about giving you the place."

APPLICANT. "Proceed with your catechism."

MANAGING ED. "How much experience have you had in the duties of reporter?"

APPLICANT. "Nearly fifteen years."

MANAGING ED. "What are you, politically—a Democrat or a Republican?"

APPLICANT. "Oh, it don't make any difference to me. I'm whichever the paper is that I work for."

MANAGING ED. "This is an independent journal, cut bias on the Democratic side. What is your opinion of the Republican party?"

APPLICANT. "It's in a bad way; sort of petered out."

MANAGING ED. "What is Samuel J. Tilden?"

APPLICANT. "A gentleman and a scholar; ex-Governor of New York, and President, *de jure*, of the United States."

MANAGING ED. "Who occupies the White House, to the exclusion of its rightful inmate?"

APPLICANT. "An obscure individual from Ohio, named Hayes B. Rutherford, or something of that sort."

MANAGING ED. "Has Judas Iscariot any relatives in this country?"

APPLICANT. "Yes; one—a first cousin, known as Aliunde J. Bradley."

MANAGING ED. "Who is the leading statesman of America?"

APPLICANT. "Charles Francis Adams."

MANAGING ED. "Who is Blaine?"

APPLICANT. "Don't know. Never heard of the man."

MANAGING ED. "I don't think there is anything more to ask. You will pass very well. Your duties will be reporting fires and dog-fights for a week or so, until a vacancy occurs in the editorial corps."

[Applicant goes out and plunges into the basement of the Tall Tower to celebrate his good fortune, and the managing editor resumes his reading, only to be interrupted by the voice of the foreman shouting down the pipe:]

"No letter from the Count Joannes to-day. Shall we go to press without it?"

MANAGING ED. "This is something unusual. The Count must be ill. I'll send and find out."

[A boy is dispatched to the rooms of the Count Joannes, and returns with the information that he has gone to Hoboken to fight a duel.]

MANAGING ED. "To fight a duel? Impossible! And yet it may be. He shook hands with the F. P. the other day. He is liable to do unexpected things. Anyway, if he escapes unharmed, he will give us an account of the hostile meeting for to-morrow's paper, and that is some consolation. The Count is enterprising; very. [To boy.] Tell the foreman to go on and print 125,000 copies of the paper, and an extra one for the White House."

BREVIER.

AN English father, of Oriental proclivities, has named his infant son Chushen Rishathaim Dodo Mahershaldeshbaz Maximilian. He will move on Erzeroum at an early date.

THE BALLAD OF LORD ULYSSES.



ULYSSES he vos a noble lord,
A noble lord he vos of high degree:
Und he vent a-sailing across the vater,
Some foreign countries for to see.

The first place he come to vos Liverpool city,
Where the Mayor vent down on bended knee:
"Pray make yourself qvite at home, noble stranger,
And accept the freedom of our citee!"

Then Ulysses he shifted his quid of tobacco,
And to the Mayor responded quite free:
"I most generally makes myself at home, sir,
Wherever I may happen to be."

And ven he proposed for to hie him to London,
The Lord Mayor he vent to Her Majestee:
"Now vot shall ve do for the Lord Ulysses,
To velcome him right cordiallee?"

"Oh, vot shall ve do for the noble stranger
Vot has vandered here from a far countree?"
Then vun side of her nose the Queen put her finger:
"Ve vill see the Dean of the 'Varsitee!"

So ven Ulysses arrived in London,
All while he vos sipping his Burgundee,
He received an invite from the Dean of Oxford,
Which bore the letters "R. S. V. P."

And ven he had come straightvay to Oxford,
He vos presented most liberallee
With a sheet of parchment with more strange letters,
By the learned nobs in their toggeree.

Then the bold Ulysses he stood dumbfounded,
And he whispered low to his son Jessee:
"Now vot is the meaning of these here letters?
And vot shall I do vith this degree?"

Now the youthful Jesse had college-learning,
And he answered his father accordinglee:
"These nobs is anxious to do you an honor,
Vich to acknowledge is your dutee."

So up and spake the Lord Ulysses:
"These letters is no great use to me;
But I tumbles qvite prompt to your intentions.
Vill you say vot you make it usuallee?"

Then the learned nobs they vos much astounded,
And they said to the brave Ulysses: "Sirree,
Ve rayther thinks you are off your handle—
Which it is not our custom to go on a spree."

And the Lord Ulysses got up and vhistled;
And he swore a tremendous oath to flee
To a land where the customs is less perplexing
To the vayfaring man from over the sea.

MY RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

IT is true that when I was abroad, in England for the most part, I had much to do with the royal family; and in view of the fact that many more stories have arisen regarding the relations mentioned, I find it necessary to make a statement.

I am flattered at the report that the Queen threw her arms around my neck and shed tears of joy directly after the introduction; but it is not true. It was a state occasion, and such an exhibition would have been manifestly improper, however the royal heart might have yearned for it. Her Majesty preserved her dignity to the last, though apparently, if I may say so, with an effort. Afterward, when we met, she was uniformly cold, as befitted her high station; but she said on two occasions that she had heard of me repeatedly, and she hinted, in the broadest manner consistent with queenly dignity, that her cup of luxury had never quite run over until the never-to-be forgotten evening when she met her dear friend.

The Prince of Wales and myself never got on well together. He is a very deserving person, and I dare say it was my fault. The truth is, the Prince has a sincere affection for his accomplished lady. There is no love, I think, which is not more or less mixed with jealousy. Now I think of it, there was apparent—I say apparent—cause for the latter feeling. Alexandra and I were more or less companions in our childish days in Denmark. I have ever regarded her with the sincerest respect, not unmixed with admiration; but positively with no deeper feeling. I have no doubt she reciprocated the kindly regard I had for her; and what wonder if, meeting her old friend, her eyes filled with tears and her arms were involuntarily lifted as if for an embrace? I gave her a warning look, but it seems to have come too late. The Prince of Wales, passing near us, caught the expression of her countenance, and I am afraid he never forgot it. At all events, it seemed as if he could not tolerate me afterward. I could never catch his eye. I have seen his brow contract the moment I came in view. I have seen him clench his hand, and once he lifted his foot as if with intention to do me violence. Whatever stories may have been circulated regarding the meeting I have briefly described, I am totally innocent of wrong intentions. I cannot answer for Alexandra's feelings, of course; but that she is a good woman, and a modest wife and mother, I shall never permit myself to doubt.

My friend, the Duchess of Edinburgh, is one of the noblest of women. She has a hard time of it, however, poor girl! When I was in England there was not the war excitement there that there is now, and, knowing the delicacy of poor Marie's position at that time, I tremble to think how she must suffer now. I met her once coming from Windsor Castle. I mention the circumstance in order to correct some wrong impressions regarding the meeting which have got abroad. "Oh, sir!" she said, giving me both her hands, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, one of them resting for a moment on the tip of her dear little pug-nose, "I am so miserable, sir! I have just left Her Majesty the Queen, and I feel that we can never, never agree." What else she might have said I shall perhaps never know. The Duke, most unfortunately, came by, and, drawing her arm within his own, bowed to me distantly, and carried her away. And, for some reason, she doesn't write.

A memento of my visit to England, and a most precious one, is a little note:

"Farewell, dear friend, farewell.

BEATRICE."

I cannot look at it without tears, and I write with a choking sensation in my throat. Delicacy forbids that I should say more. It is due to the lady to say, however, that the slight public passages between us were dictated by nothing more serious than an ardent friendship. I shall ever think of that young lady with the purest feelings that agitate the human breast; the purest and most unselfish feelings. My friend, the present Duke of Wellington, may say, in his light-hearted way, that I am too modest in this matter; but he is wrong, and I think I know my duty.

JOSEPH PERKINS.

OUR WATERING-PLACE CORRESPONDENCE.

CONEY ISLAND, June 9th.

Dear Puck.

There is only time to send you a short account of how Jemima Ann and I are getting along. We are really having a staving old time; and to see the high-toned visitors at this place of fashionable resort would do your heart good. The following is a sketch of one of the

most prominent guests: Mr. William Sykes, the eminent cracksmen, who has come down here to recruit, after his hard work, for the season. He needs rest, poor fellow. Prying open the safes of banks, if you don't know the combination, is no joke, particularly when one finds nothing in them after all one's trouble. But Mr. Sykes informs me he's been more successful with his experiments on wholesale dry-goods stores. He bagged enough silk to pay his expenses for the season. His board-bill last year was extremely moderate; he spent the summer at Sing Sing at a first-class—hotel, the only stone establishment in the town. Mr. Sykes is one of the most remarkable men in the country. His intellectual forehead, about one inch in height, the classical flatness of his proboscis, his raven locks, luxuriantly oiled and terminating in graceful curls on either side of his massive forehead, make one feel kinder impressed in his distinguished company. Mr. Sykes's amusements are as refined as they are interesting—a novel game with cards, called in vulgar slang "Monte." It's a very nice game, the only drawback being that Mr. Sykes always manages to win. There are other distinguished individuals sejourning here, but I must defer describing them until my next, as I've just taken two buckets of clam-chowder, drunk a keg of lager, a dozen bottles of sparkling saumur, and I'm now going in bathing in my embroidered drawers with Betsy Jane; they were the work of the fairy thumbs of that fleshy angel—so here goes, splash, flop, plunge! Ha! ha!

Yours saltatorily,

SAND-FLYER.

PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY OUR OWN HERALD.

BLAINE speaks Gailic.
CATS have no pockets.
BRICKS are worn edgewise.
ERASMUS ate cucumbers bias.
MR. KEY will not summer at Seattle.
BOIL beans with two rows of pleating.
THE last rose of summer is not the first.
JUDAS ISCARIOT never swam the Hellespont.
JAY GOULD is familiarly called Anaximander.
WADE HAMPTON did not borrow that pick-axe.
MURPHY is going to Gosport to catch goslings.
MONTAGUE walks on the left side of the street.
KRUPP cannon are of no use in threading needles.
GARFIELD cannot turn somersaults with his left ear.
MULLETT is going to cohass at Cohasset this summer.
PIERREPONT rarely keeps his handkerchief in the coal-hod.
OLE BULL will not be seventy-eight on the 9th of August.
THERE has been no report that Brigham Young was dead.
THE Confucius family did not spell their name with two p's.
O'REARDON will patronize Saratoga, if he does not go to Hoboken.
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS always sleeps with Stuart Robson when he is traveling.
WAYNE McVEACH does not intend to travel with the Soldene troupe this season.
SUSPENDERS have two flounces, and are bot-tened on the sou'easterly clapboarding.
BIRDS in their little nests agree because there is no probability that Cronin will advance on Erzeroum.
BUTLER will go to Lake Mahopac this summer. He will take his hair-oil with him, unless he does not.

AT THE PIANO.

WHEN o'er the ivory keys thy finger wanders"—
Thus do Schiller's charming lines begin;
Picturing Laura playing, while he ponders,
Statue-still, the sweet sounds drinking in.

Yet I oft feel, when plays my own sweet Laura,
Quite unlike His High Teutonic Nibs.
This much I must confess; like Metamora
And George Washington, I ne'er tell fibs.

For my Laura ceaselessly doth practice—
Practice brings perfection, she believes—
And my musical soul with anguish racked is,
As I stand beside to turn the leaves.

Music hath its mysteries, and I know not
Aught more strange and wonderful to me
Than my Laura's marvelous notes, that go not
In the places where they ought to be.

All the old-fashioned theories of precision
She quite coolly puts upon the shelf;
For time and tune she holds in wild derision;
Does a little "Wagner" for herself.

But spite of ears that ache, watch eyes that love her
Dainty hands that flit along the keys;
Bright willful hair, and sweet low brow, knit over
What few errors by some chance she sees.

Oh, the sweet little lips, all pursed and pouting—
Resolute, if reckless, maiden she—
The tender eyes, whose timid look of doubting
Now and then shoots sidewise up at me.

It may be true that Schiller's fair musician
Clawed the ivory with skill and grace;
But will he just respond from fields Elysian—
Had she such a lovely little face?

Come, rest in mine small hands already weary;
On my breast your sins 'gainst art confess.
If pianissimo I put a query,
Let your lips adagio murmur "Yes."

H. C. BUNNER.



SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN'S speech at the Manhattan Club had better have been left unsaid. Despite his assurance to the contrary, it was but the bitter statement of a personal grievance. It would have been more dignified of Samuel to let the question of the Presidency rest. Let others speak on the subject. The man who is supposed to have won it and lost it can afford to wait. There may be a chance in 1880. People, during Hayes's term, do not wish the unpleasant and perhaps disreputable business constantly discussed.

So Grant has been presented with the freedom of the city of London. His address in reply to that of the Lord Mayor was not considered of sufficient importance for *Herald* enterprise to cable; but it was doubtless very short. Grant can now, if he pleases, immediately open business in London. A good American hotel, run by an ex-President, would be a capital investment. It would have at least the attraction of novelty; besides, the best London hotels are wretched, and if Pierrepont and Grant were to put their heads together, a model caravansery, well patronized by the Londoners, would be the result. Pierrepont has proved,

beyond all doubt, by his fine entertainments that he knows how to do things, as the Cockneys say, in "slap-up" style, and what more could be desired in a hotel-keeper? Grant could look after the bar and the cigars.

I am disgusted with the manner in which the war is being carried on. The parties don't fight worth a cent; and, in the absence of all other excitement, it is real mean of the belligerents to spoil the only summer amusement from which we anticipated any pleasure.

The weather, too, isn't behaving well, and some of the summer hotel men are already beginning to feel anxious. Talking of summer hotels, I hear that my friend, the genial Frank Simms, formerly of the *Arcadian*, is going to the Ocean House, Long Branch, in some important official capacity.

The papers are unusually dull, although each tries to create an interest in some particular matter. The *Herald* has taken the Mormon question especially under its wing. The *Sun* is going for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Then there is talk in the *World* about Evarts' foreign policy, as to whether he is to declare war against Mexico—Bosh!

Poor Tweed, he can't get out of jail, notwithstanding his free and open confession. Attorney-General Fairchild is reported to have said that he would have nothing more to do with him. The way of some unlucky transgressors is very hard.

Ex-Governor Hendricks is off to Europe. If he doesn't get the freedom of the city of London, or dine with the Prince of Wales, he may still have a very "good time." I wonder if he knows Grant, in which case the meeting of the ex and the alleged Vice-President *de jure* will surely be a pleasant one. PAN.

BUNCOME'S "BEST MAN."

CONFOUND that Buncome! I wonder if he will ever have the decency to pay me the ten dollars he borrowed last Christmas. I know if ever I come across the fellow, I shall publicly denounce him, if he doesn't pay up."

Such were my musings as I stared vacantly into the window of a photographic store last Monday. Just as I was about to move again, I was roughly slapped on the back and accosted with:

"Hallo, Smith, old boy! Delighted to see you! How are you? Haven't come across you for a small century. Been out of town, have you? Or been laid up with the measles, eh?"

I hastened to edge in a word here, and assured my valuable friend that my health was all that could be desired. He then put his arm through mine, and as we sauntered along the street, he remarked:

"By the way, Smith, it strikes me that I owe you some trifle—ten dollars, isn't it?"

I answered in the affirmative, and Buncome continued:

"I'll give it to you in the morning. I am so glad I have met you now; you are the very fellow I've been looking for!"

"You appear to be in excellent humor," I remarked.

"And so I should think I ought to be. I may call this the most glorious day in my somewhat checkered career. Congratulate me, Smith, congratulate me; I have proposed for a young and lovely heiress, and have been accepted."

"An heiress!" I exclaimed. "Who would think that such a piece of luck would fall in your way?"

"And why not, sir, pray? I'll tell you how it all happened. It is a regular romantic tale; quite in the sensation-novel style. You see, I was taking a stroll in the Park on the fifth of

last month—I have good cause to remember the date exactly," he added, parenthetically—"when suddenly I was startled by a loud scream, and the sound of a horse and vehicle approaching from behind at a furious rate. I turned, and saw at a glance how matters stood. It was Miss Johnson's pony running away with the phaeton, and the lady herself quite helpless through fright, and unable to check the furious little animal in the least. You know Miss Johnson, don't you? She has five thousand a year in her own right, and large expectations from a maiden aunt—who happened to be in the phaeton, also, when the accident occurred. I rushed at the pony as he approached, and at the imminent risk of my own life, succeeded in pulling him up. Miss Johnson and her aunt were profuse in their thanks, and begged me to call on them the following day. I called; and to make a long story short, the matter has resulted in my offering my hand and heart to the fair one this morning, and in her acceptance of the offer. She has fallen head-over-ears in love with me. Now, old boy, what do you think of that? Romantic, isn't it?"

"Most romantic," I replied, "and I should say a most fortunate affair for you."

"Most fortunate, indeed," said Buncome. I don't mind telling you that I have been desperately hard-up for a long time past. I have a favor to ask you, Smith: will you be my 'best man'? The wedding is to come off in July."

I confess I was delighted at the proposal, and gladly consented to see my friend sacrificed on such a fashionable altar.

"It's rather awkward," said Buncome, "that I am so short of cash at present; but that little difficulty will be got over to-morrow. Would you mind obliging me with half-a-hundred until morning? I want to buy some little jewelry."

Anxious to accommodate such an aristocratic acquaintance as Buncome now proved himself to be, I opened my purse and placed the bills in his hand.

"All right, old chap," he said, "we'll square up all scores in the morning. Ta, ta." He now dropped my arm and disappeared rather hurriedly round a corner.

Buncome has told all his acquaintances how nicely he gulled poor Smith. I have sworn a dreadful oath to have my revenge; but I have not yet determined what line of action to pursue.

A CAR-ACTER SKETCH.

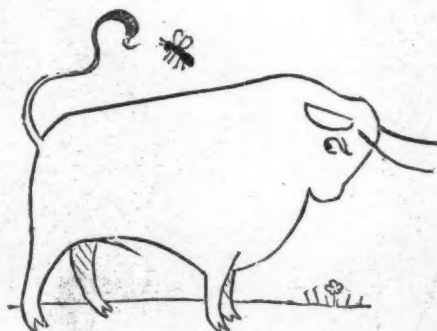
WHEN she got into the car, there was a man in every seat. She leaned against the door-post, and tried to look as if she didn't want a seat and wouldn't take one if the whole shebang were empty. Every man glanced up at her out of the corner of one eye, to see if she was good-looking, and then glanced out of the window on the other side, to see how much further he had to go. Then they all began to read their newspapers with as much interest as if they hadn't been through them three times already; and one iniquitous old duffer made an audacious pretense of perusing his *Herald* upside down. For just one minute and a half there reigned in that car an awful silence and a sensation of suspense by the side of which the feeling in Nic'sic was easy and assured. Then a young and inexperienced passenger bounced out of his seat with a jerk like a jumping-jack, and slid sheepishly toward the front door. And as she dropped into the vacant place, between a messenger-boy and a big buck nigger, the twenty-one men heaved a sigh of relief, and sat back, each proudly conscious that if she had only waited long enough, he might have been the one to throw himself into the breach.

LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued.)

THE COW. (*Vacca.*)

The Cow is a relative of the ox, of whom we spoke in our last; she is not related to him by marriage, however, for the ox is a confirmed celibate. When we look at the cow, we do not greatly wonder at this. But it is not by her good looks that the cow attracts, so much as by her usefulness. The cow is principally employed in the manufacture of milk, which is not so good a drink as lager, though it tastes better in tea and coffee. The cow eats grass. In this peculiarity she differs from the tiger; but she is like the sheep, and also like Nebuchadnezzar. Sometimes the cow gives swill-milk, and then Mr. Bergh fines the man who owns her, and the man goes off and takes it out of the cow with a broomstick. A favorite pastime of the cow is jumping over the moon. This little eccentricity of the cow has been celebrated in prose and verse.

STEER. (*Bubulus.*)

This is the Steer, who is a very useful animal. But as his name would be a constant temptation to us to indulge in disgraceful and obvious puns, we shall resolutely decline to say anything more about him, and will steer clear of him, and pass on to another order of animals, the *Cetacea*, the largest of which is

THE WHALE. (*Balena.*)

The Whale is celebrated for having swallowed Jonah; but if he had really wanted to immortalize himself, he would have allowed Jonah to swallow him. Hamlet once saw a cloud that was very like a whale, but the whale is not responsible for the irregularity of Hamlet's habits. The whale belongs to the *Mam-*

malia, because when he is a she, he nurses her young, and he would be called a quadruped if she wasn't a fish. The whale's mouth is full of whalebone, which is the foundation of ladies' bustles. Thus doth the whale divide with journalism the proud honor of ministering to lovely woman's particular little vanity. The whale is a dangerous rival of the newspapers in the bustle business. The whale can spout water through his nose, which is no doubt a pleasing and elegant accomplishment, but it is scarcely of any practical use, as far as we know. There are two whales in Mr. Coup's Aquarium up town, but very few people like to keep whales in their aquariums—they frighten the gold-fish.

The whale is not a bird, which is where he is unlike the

EAGLE. (*Aquila.*)

The Eagle is often invoked thus:

"Proud bird of Freedom, hail!"

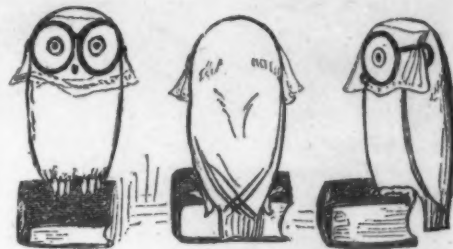
But we never saw the eagle hail for a cent. The eagle is called bald-headed; but he is not, and it makes him awful mad to be called so. The eagle can scream and he can scratch dirt, which is why he has been selected as the emblem of this great and glorious republic. The eagle is also ten dollars in gold; but this kind of eagle we don't know anything about, except that he must be equivalent to one hundred sandwiches. The eagle lives on angle-worms, hares, lambs, and shepherd-boys that have been left standing. There is a kind of Siamese Twin eagle grown in Austria, for use on the imperial coats-of-arms; but this is a kind of Dutch eagle, not appreciated in this country. After all, the best kind of eagle is the American eagle, who is a tough bird, and fond of soaring.

We have above given you a specimen of the birds of prey; we will now show you one of the domestic birds. Here he is, in a cage:

BIRD. (*Avis simplex.*)

Our artist threw this Bird in gratis among the other animals, and now we've got him we don't want him. Any one telling us who he is, may have half. You can call him anything you like, but we're certain he isn't a canary. He is clearly a creature of retiring, not to say reserved, disposition; in fact, his enemies might call him sulky. He is not handsome. He sits on a perch in a cage. There is no bigod nonsense about him. He does not look like Geo-

Francis Train. This much we gather from the picture. If we were to hazard a conjecture as to his origin and identity, we should say he was a metamorphosed paragrapher. This is all we have to say about the *avis simplex*. The next subject is not an *avis simplex*, nor an *avis duplex*, even. He is three birds all together. He is generally called

THE OWL. (*Avis nocturna.*)

He is an unsociable bird, who sits on trees in the stilly eve, and calls out "Who? Who? Who?" Nobody answers him; but instead of being affected by this snubbing, and tumbling to the painful fact that he has given himself dead away, he goes on hallooing just the same. This shows what a fool he is. He also tries to run opposition to the cat and catch mice, but this is a melancholy failure. The owl is shown in three aspects in our illustration. The first and last are respectively his front face and his profile, and in the middle picture it is impossible to say in what attitude he is standing, for the veil of night is over him. Our artist is always very successful in drawing the veil of night, which is why we introduce it in this picture.

ROOSTER. (*Homo otii Americanus.*)

The Rooster is the most celebrated polygamist on record. He spends his time principally in making love to hens, and fighting opposition cocks. He begins to crow in the early morning. He lays sometimes hard-boiled and sometimes soft-boiled eggs. This is a lie, but it is a great deal more interesting than if it were true. The rooster knows which way the wind blows, and is then called "weather-cock," and lives on church steeples and in other elevated localities. He is also a faucet on a hydrant, and a roach's first name. This is degradation for the cock, but it is a big thing for the roach. It is strange to think that the rooster was a chicken in early youth, but he was. He has the comfort, moreover, of knowing that in his old age he will become a spring chicken again, and will be sold at seventy-five cents a pound. It is scarcely necessary to add that the rooster is always roosting, for that's how he comes by his name; in fact we know of no one who can roost any roosterer than the rooster. There are lots of disreputable roosters walking around, waiting to be plucked; the best known of that class being Chas. A. Dana.

(To be continued.)



THE TAMMANY C
THE BEAR THAT WILL AND HI

RICK.



MA CHIEF'S MUSIC.
AND HE BEAR THAT WON'T DANCE.



WAVES!

Dear Puck:

The Great American Drama has at last burst upon us.

It loafed around the suburbs for many months, gathering strength and courage for the event, and on the eleventh it came.

It came without much of a head; with a tail that wasn't so strong as it might have been, and with a body that was rather short-winded. But it had the stamp of American upon its brow, and it took its greatness from the author's name, which is "Major" Somebody.

Therefore, let the stage rejoice, and the proud bird of freedom send forth a happy shriek, while an admiring public renders thanks to the giver of summer seasons.

It was at Wallack's Theatre, and they called it "Waves." They might have called it "Fire and Fury," or "Precious Pistols," but "Waves" is cooler and better for summer wear.

Once more, hurrah for the Great American Drama!

And hurrah for the inventive brain of American authorship, that can beat the world on titles—if it can't on plays that match them.

The first act of "Waves" brings all the characters on the stage, and keeps them there until the curtain falls. They are engaged in saying and doing things that are very important to the progress of the Great American Drama; but there is a veil of such sweet summer unintelligibility over it all, that we can only sit in wondering silence and take it in along with the air that is pumped into the auditorium by the new patent cooling apparatus.

There is a second act to the Great American Drama. Let us be thankful for that. For in that act we see a vision! At least the heroine does, for she has a dream. Such a dream! And the generous stage-carpenter carries us into the heroine's dreamland, and shows us a sailor in blue wrestling with a brown log in mid-ocean, signaling to a far-off ship to come and rescue him! He waves something white and dry aloft in the wet air—it may be a handkerchief, or a white vest; but he waves it with all the enthusiasm required for the Great American Drama, and is rewarded by the ship's behaving in rather a reckless manner, and directing her efforts towards saving the wrestler with a brown log at all hazards.

How sweet it is to dream during the summer season of cold water and that sort of thing—even if a husband lost at sea is at the bottom of the dream, on top of a log.

There is a third act to the Great American Drama. And this is the act that lifts the fabric of the author-Major's brain to the acme of dramatic glory.

The old man of the play—a cross between *King Lear* and the *Wild Man of the Woods*—who is likewise the hero, has grown suddenly poor, and wanders about a lowly lodging in subdued sorrow and a very torn coat, with a visible undershirt. He carries about in all his travels a mysterious pistol-case that baffles the entire audience, who have a vague misgiving that the pistols are bound to go off some time or other during the play.

But they don't!

At the end of this act, the old man, suddenly impelled by a terrible impulse, for which the author of the Great American Drama is alone responsible, flings the pistol-case to the earth

with a dime-novel howl of despair. A piece of white paper shoots out. This is seized, with lightning rapidity, by a detective who has just arrived. "Rubies in his undershirt; diamonds in his Ulster," or words to that effect, the detective reads mysteriously, and the heroic old man strikes another attitude and bursts forth with, "Rich again, by Jiminy!" and the curtain falls.

There is no gainsaying the innate charms of this act. It is rather mystic, but awfully original. And besides, it brings us one act nearer the end of the play, which is a kind thing to do.

After the virtuous heroine has broken through a glass window to rescue her stolen child, and completely demoralized the gentlemanly villain; after the low comedian and the soubrette have been allowed a few moments' time to prove that they have any right at all to be in the play, and the ship-wrecked sailor has dashed into the arms of his wife, the curtain falls on the last act of the Great American Drama, and leaves the public to commune with itself on the glories that have just faded from view.

The summer season at Wallack's Theatre is a sort of wild, untamed animal; that urges on its erratic course, and kicks its heels at anybody who tries to interfere with it.

There is an absence of Lester Wallack that is almost painful.

The gubernatorial hand that was wont to suppress the wild vagaries that spring, eternal in the low comedian's breast, or in curbing the melo-dramatic awfulness of the villain, is now directing the course of a yacht or two on more agreeable waves, and his forsaken halls of light are left to take care of themselves.

Which they are not inclined to do.

But the Great American Drama has got to be launched somewhere!

It was played at Wallack's Theatre with more than summer skill; and but for the dyspeptic monotony of the old gentleman, who imagines himself to be the central object of interest, and the stage-managing gentleman, Mr. Floyd, who always impresses me as though he thought himself so far above his colleagues that he couldn't condescend to take any interest in their common art of acting, "Waves" was generally performed with great ability.

At all events, Mr. Thomas Whiffen made his little part shine, and threw the full force of his ability into the rôle.

And Miss Effie Germon, who had nothing to do, as far as the author was concerned, but filled in a scene with her own vivaciousness, completely captivated her audience. There is so much delightful mirth in the composition of this charming actress, that for her sake, I could endure several acts of summer dramas.

Especially with the genial Whiffen to aid her.

I cannot in justice close my review of the Great American Drama, without extolling the art of the actor—I don't remember his name—who played the part of the lost sailor returned. He threw a depth of feeling into his part which was truly affecting. His conception, too, of the requirements of the rôle, call for more than passing credit. His art is rather of the French than the American school; and his elocution—

"Why, Silas," Araminta has just observed, "what do you mean by all this? He has nothing to do in the play but rush in at the end of the act and embrace his wife."

"That's so, Araminta; you're right; but, my dear, just think how well he does it!"

Appreciatively yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P. S.—This is the Great American Drama—and everything and everybody in it deserve credit accordingly.

S. D.

2d P. S.—Which is why I mustn't forget to mention that Miss Lettie Allen, as the heroine, did remarkably well.

S. D.

LITTLE TOMMY'S TALKS.



I'm going to S'toga. S'toga's a place away off, furver than Central Park, where they have springs.

Springs are the things that squeak when you try to turn somersteps on the bed, and my papa heard me and came up stairs.

If that's the kind of springs they have at S'toga, I don't want to go there.

I don't see what my mama wants to go there for, eiver. She never wants to turn somersteps on the springs at home. Perhaps she's afraid of my papa, though.

My papa isn't going with us.

He's going to stay at home.

My mama says he must take care of himself. I guess she's afraid he'll catch cold or somefin. But she needn't be afraid.

Mr. Smiff came here last night, and my papa told him what mama said, and then they both laughed; and Mr. Smiff told my papa he'd help him take care of himself. So I guess he's all right.

My sister Sylvia is going with us to S'toga. So's my big brover Jim.

Everybody's packing up fings.

I got 'most packed up myself yesterday. I felt awful tired, and I wanted to go s'leep a little.

But I couldn't find any place to go s'leep. There was fings everywhere. My mama's dresses were all over the beds and in the chairs. And my mama gets just like my papa when I sit on her dresses.

She says it hurts 'em.

It hurts me.

So, when I couldn't find any place to lie down and go s'leep, I just got right in a big trunk where there was somefin soft. I guess now it was a dress; but I didn't fink then.

When I woke up I couldn't breathe.

So I kicked.

Then I heard somebody hollerin, "Tommy, you little darling, where are you?" and I tried to holler; but I got my mouf full of somefin and I couldn't.

Just as I was getting to feel very bad, somebody pulled the fings off me and cried out, "Oh, you little wetch, is that you?"

I said no; but she didn't believe it, and she pulled me out and kissed me, and said nurse had packed me in the trunk. Then she kissed me, and then she saw the way I'd kicked the fings, and she boxed my ears.

And then she kept on saying she was so glad she'd found me. But every now and then she looked at the fings I'd mussed up, and then she forgot how awful glad she was—she forgot hard.

I wish we'd get through packing and get to S'toga.

Are you going to S'toga?

OSHKOSH momentarily emerges from the general cloud of Western dullness to remark that she has just organized a Business Men's Association. This is encouraging, to be sure. But as long as the place itself remains under the stigma of having originally derived its name from a drunken man yelling for "Hot Scotch," just so long all this style avails it nothing. "Gi's nuzzer Oshkosh 'ere, willyer?"

THE editor of the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise* describes the appearance in the heavens, about noon the other day, of a fiery flying serpent, which subsequently proved to be only a Chinese kite. Sad, isn't it, to see what ravages the fiend intemperance is working in our Western land?

THE KNOWING YOUNG MAN.

THE Knowing Young Man is a fungoid outgrowth of our civilization. He is scandal incarnate, and gossip made flesh and dwelling among us.

In the refining process which is constantly going on in society, a certain scum must rise to the surface. It is no indication of the underlying depths; but it is thence that it is evolved. Whatever may be the beauties of our social system, it is that system which is directly responsible for the creation of the Knowing Young Man, who wanders through the world in all the might of his mendacity, the familiar spirit of falsehood, the chosen emissary of the father of lies.

I once lived opposite a Knowing Young Man, and I found him very convenient as a weather prophet. Every morning, before I set out for the day, I would step over to the house of that Knowing Young Man for a meteorological interview. If he said, in the midst of a driving rain storm, that we should not see the sun again in a week, I calmly returned my umbrella to the hat-stand and started out, sure of a clear sky before I could reach the horse-cars. If he said, on the fairest of days, that we were beginning a two-months' drought, I put on my Arctics and made up my mind to an immediate deluge. Ever since I moved out of that neighborhood I have had to depend upon the Signal Service Bureau, which, I regret to say, is not so invariably erroneous as that young man.

But the genius of the knowing one is by no means confined to politics and the weather. It is universal and unlimited. His operations extend into all classes and conditions of society. For instance, what he doesn't know about arts and artists isn't worth knowing. He is the personal friend of every painter and sculptor in the city. He is familiar with their lives from the cradle up. He can tell you the price paid for every new picture long before the artist has thought of selling it. He can deduct the exact cost of the frame and the materials, and give you the net profit to the painter.

Nor does he stop here; there are deeper mysteries of the studios which he has penetrated. He is always on the keen lookout for secret vice and clandestine profligacy. It exists, he knows, and where he cannot find evidence he supplies its place with the evolutions of his inner consciousness. Is the door locked at which he taps? Ah! Binks is painting from the nude—a model—he sees it all; and forthwith publishes it from the housetops. If this is to the detriment of Binks' character, he is sorry. But why did Binks lock his door?

Probably because he was at dinner. "Ah, yes!" says the Knowing Young Man, "a *petit souper*—Zulu—la Stella—ha, ha!"

But if you could look behind those panels, you would probably find Binks sitting alone at his rather scanty meal, attired in a brown dressing-gown and a red skull-cap, trying hard to look artistic and picturesque as he nibbles at his hot roll, or sips gingerly his mug of mild ale. Search in all the dusty corners, amid broken casts and condemned canvasses, you will find no Diane de Lys palpitating with shame and passion. No treacherously dropped glove lies on the floor, unless perchance Binks has let fall his own venerable number eight, thrice cleaned and gritty with bread-crumbs.

I once met the Knowing Young Man in a dark corridor of the Tenth Street Building. He took his ear from a keyhole as I approached, and when he recognized me he whispered hoarsely, with a gleam of diabolical intelligence in his eye: "Door's locked! He's got his model inside! Wonder if she's good-looking. Don't you wish you were in there?" I started back in horror. But suddenly my eye fell on a tin

plate on the door-post: "Hayes, Animal Painter."

I suppose poor Hayes had a buffalo deshabbille inside there.

But the Knowing Young Man is most at home when he "spreads himself," to use a French idiom, on theatrical topics. What is a player's character? Religion herself flings mud at histrionics; why should not a Knowing Young Man work his own sweet will with the reputations of the stage? He can find no good and sufficient reason why he should not. So he informs himself of the falsest version of every dirty bit of scandal that idleness or malice invents, and he retails it to all who will listen.

He knows how Miss X., the daughter of X., the patrician millionaire, "got mashed on" Harry Hyperion, of the Madison Avenue Theatre, and all the rest of that dainty tale. He knows all the latest proceedings in the Briggs-Blinkenoff affair. All this information is at your service; for the Knowing Young Man is ever ready to bespatter the skirts of art with this sort of filth, to the best of his small ability.

Even when there is a lull in the market for special slanders, he has his stock of regular gossip, not much less dangerous.

On one occasion I asked a Knowing Young Man of my acquaintance about the age of a certain actress. "Maud Middlewick? Know her! I should say I did! She's married—real name's Tinker—thirty-three years old—got eight children—affected little thing!"

This was a staggerer, for she did not look it. However, I concluded that dramatic genius involved abnormal fecundity, and I held my peace. A few days after, however, I mentioned the subject again to my friend. "Maud Middlewick? Oh, yes. Affected hussy. I know her—thirty-three years old—got five children." The treacherous memory of my knowing friend was probably responsible for the decrease in Miss Middlewick's family. But in my ignorance, I supposed her to be the victim of a sudden and terrible affliction, and I dropped a tear of pity for her. When next I met my Knowing Young Man, I inquired tenderly for the bereaved artist. "Maud Middlewick? She's as well as she can be with her affected ways. Thirty years old, she is—got ten children." My lachrymatory ducts shut up at once. What was the use of weeping for a woman who could repair the ravages of death with such facility, and who had apparently found the fountain of renewed youth in the vale of tears?

I think it was two months after this that I next came across my friend. He greeted me with emprossement; he was overflowing with self-complacency. "Know Miss Middlewick?" he queried, grasping my hand, "Ever seen her off the stage? I met her at the Simpkins's Sunday evening reception—called on her yesterday. Nicest woman I ever knew—so natural—unartificial—nothing theatric about her. Married, you know. Got one child—sweetest little baby you can imagine!"

The Knowing Young Man is not, it will be seen, the most wholesome fruit of our civilization. But he has his place and his uses. He is to society what the cow-pox is to medicine. Whoever has been inoculated with the virus of his petty gossip is permanently cured of any taste for more serious scandal.

P. O'HARA.

"MOTHER'S Teeth are Playing Out" is a new song. Won't somebody write a song on his mother's slipper?—*Baltimore Gazette*.

Considerable sole could be thrown into it; that's a fact.

DISCIPLES of Izaak Walton will rejoice to learn that the epidemic among the New Jersey fish is a baiting.

FITZNOODLE IN NEW YORK.

XIII.

GILMORE'S GARDEN.



Ya-as; a fellow must kill time or do something, yer know, in the evenings—which to me are wather a baw. Durwing the day is all verwy well, for a fellow can sleep, or wap himself, as Jack Carnegiesays,

in the arms of Morpheus, or some such fellow, in the morning. Then he can bweakfast in his dwessing-gown and dwawers in the afternoon; then, after severwal bwandies-and-sodahs and cigarwettes, a fellow's valet suggests dwessing; and then, after a stwoll or a wide, it's night—about time to take some dinner. There are verwy few people or other things to see in June—or the woasted term, as they call it here—so I was entwated to put in an appearance, in the evening, at an arwangement fellaws call Jullien's, or Killmore's Garden. Nevah can wemember names pwoperly; perwhaps I'm not quite wight. These Cweemore's Americian Gardens are neither back gardens nor fwont gardens; nor do they wesemble Cwemorne or Kew, or the Zoo, (that's poetwy, I think,) or the Watercwess Spwing Hill or Head Gardens at Gwawesend, or Covent Garden Market, or even the Mabile or other gardens a fellow sees in Parwis, where some cad's and other cweatures dance. They are like a large widingschool in cavalwy barwacks, or the Agwiculturwal Hall at Islington; with a woof and flags, and a considerwable number of colored lights, and weaths, and festoons, and fwountains, and gwavel woads, and a lot of water wolling down painted tin wocks. Some fellow said it was "Niagawa." I always thought it was a verwy much overwated waterfall, although I didn't think it was in gardens, or in such close pwoximity to New York. What extwawordinawy disweward for twuth some of these Americian twawelers and woters for the pwess have. In these Willmore's Gardens there are a lot of fellaws dwessed like countwy volunteers, who play tunes on bwass-bands and stwinged instwuments—and a terwible wacket they make. They all stand on a waisted platform, and blow and stwing most vigorwously, with verwy little west. Carnegie and all our set used to say that I nevah had an ear for music; but no fellow can have everwything, yer know. I always used to chaff Edinburgh for twyin' to be like the fellaws you see blowing and scwaping in orchestwas and militarwy bands.

I stwollod about a little and bwushed up against severwal twees and other vegetable pwoductions, which in some wespects give the Gardens a tolerwably wuwal appearance. Some bwunette female cweature in a wed dwess sings in 'some forweign language, which I don't understand, and another misguided young woman wattles something off on the ivorwy keys of the piano. Fellaws can sit in boxes and arbors and watch the pwomenaders, and dwink a varwiet of curwious things. A verwy small be-ah, with a gwreat deal of beastly fwoth and a stwong flavor of soap-suds and seidlitz powder, is a favowwite tippie. I believe it is bwewed fwom log-wood, as it's called logger beer. On the whole, however, Sedgewood's Gardens are not bad for Ameriwa.

SYRACUSE has a man named Pennyfather. His is a line of long des-cent.—*Berlin Express*.

Yes; a man of the olden dime. Some relation, doubtless, to the "Dollar of our Dad."

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

CHAPTER XII.

RENE'S nerves, weakened by the constant watching of past weeks, gave way under the shock occasioned by the frightful manner of her grandfather's death, and she was carried from the chamber insensible.

There remained in the room Mr. Fox and Monsieur and Madame de Gaillefontaine with the dead man.

The situation was dramatic in the extreme, and was admirably adapted to M. de Gaillefontaine's tastes and love of theatrical display. It was a scene in which he felt himself called upon to play a prominent part. He was embarrassed only as long as Madame de Gaillefontaine continued in his arms. By the time he had disengaged her arms from about his neck he had conceived a tolerably just idea of the position of affairs.

The lady was not his wife; her weight was sufficient to set aside any fear he may have entertained of truth in that direction. He never could have married a woman so gross. When he had drawn himself up and struck an attitude, he said:

"And you, madame, do yourself the honor to call yourself my wife?"

"Antoine, am I not your Thérèse?" asked the lady in reply.

"I never contradict a lady. Come, madame; I will speak a word with you in private."

Mr. Fox made a movement towards the woman in answer to a questioning look from her. M. de Gaillefontaine interposed.

"My good Fox, I forbid you to speak to my wife," he said, and then led the lady into his sitting-room and locked the door. Turning to her he said:

"Thérèse, that is a very fine diamond ring you wear upon your finger, and those earrings—they are superb. Your chain, too, is gold, and your watch, probably. I see, too, that your bracelets are costly."

Madame de Gaillefontaine smiled and inclined her head.

"But they are not fashionable, these trinkets. You will appear better without them, believe me. You will oblige me by taking them off and giving them to me. At once."

"They are mine."

"You mistake, madame; they are mine. We are now in England, and you will understand that the property of the woman is the property of her husband. Give me therefore all your gold."

Madame swore she would do nothing of the kind; and to make her oath more forcible, she swore in colloquial French.

"Thérèse, my wife," said M. de Gaillefontaine, doubling his arm, "regard! This are the muscles of my arm. I am strong; I have eaten biftek to my breakfast many days. It is the custom of this country for husbands to beat their disobedient wives if they can. I can. Now I will give you half-an-hour to think whether you will obey me or be beaten. I will let you think out in the open air. If you will come to me in half-an-hour's time and say, 'My husband, I will not give you the diamond ring, and the earrings, and the chain, and the bracelets which belong to you,' I will beat you with my boots. Come, madame, allow me to conduct you to the air."

He opened the door, and taking his hat, led Madame de Gaillefontaine to the lodge-gates, and there, raising his hat politely, he left her.

Recounting the particulars of this interview to René two days after, he said:

"Hélas, I shall not wonder if my wife never returns no more."

"It is impossible that this was mere mistake," said René.

"It is a silly mistake, mademoiselle; happily it is only a silly mistake. It was a mistake of this madame. Perhaps it was a mistake also of our Mr. Fox."

"And my poor grandpapa died believing this lie!"

"He might have believed it had he lived; then probably this Mr. Fox would have been rewarded for his lie, and not punished."

"I see the plot."

"It is a very clumsy one. It is no marvel that these English steal their plays from the French; for observe, this Mr. Fox would be original, and he constructs a stupid farce stupidly, and—pst! it breaks down in the first act!"

"He is a reptile."

"No, no; he is only a slogs, a stupid slogs."

"I do not like slugs."

"Ah, good, mademoiselle. We will drop him out of this pretty garden to-morrow when it shall be yours. The solicitor, I shall communicate with him directly."

René rose with a sigh, and going to the window, looked out over the wide estate which was to be hers, with a feeling of desolation.

M. de Gaillefontaine sighed also as he retired from the room; it was not a scene for him to act in.

The solicitor brought with him the last will intrusted to him by Gregory Biron. It was brief. He left all his property solely and exclusively to his granddaughter René.

When the reading was concluded M. de Gaillefontaine strolled into the garden and smoked his cigar serenely.

He had a habit when he was pleased of humming as he smoked. There was no air in the tune he hummed; it was simply a gentle intonation of harmonious notes, like the sound caused by the wind upon the strings of an Æolian harp. His steady step upon the damp gravel and this vague tune of his attracted the attention of Mr. Fox, who was musing in the shade. He smiled, and, taking a turn of the path, presently met M. de Gaillefontaine face to face.

"Ah, my Mr. Fox, is it you?"

"The calm of the evening is in keeping with the event of the day, M. de Gaillefontaine."

M. de Gaillefontaine sighed and said, "You and I, Mr. Fox, we are the least covetous of men. Lo, we smile when others would bend their brows in anger! Mr. Gregory has left us nothing—neither you nor me. And now what shall you do?"

"Perhaps I shall stay here. What will you do?"

M. de Gaillefontaine was amused, but he said to himself, "This slog is very stupid." Then he addressed himself to Mr. Fox in answer to his question.

"Perhaps I shall stay here too, my friend. So much depends upon Miss Biron."

Mr. Fox smiled and shook his head; M. de Gaillefontaine opened his round eyes in astonishment. This Englishman's density was surprising; he could not see satire nor fact.

"You have heard the will read?" asked M. de Gaillefontaine.

Mr. Fox smiled and nodded, without speaking.

M. de Gaillefontaine shrugged his shoulders, and said with nonchalance:

"Ah, well, we shall hear what Miss Biron says to-morrow."

"That is why I think we should talk together to-night, and settle what we shall do with her."

"We—you and I?"

"You and I."

"You are very droll, mister."

"The affair, you see, is not so serious for me as it is for you."

M. de Gaillefontaine threw aside his cigar, cleared his throat, crossed his arms à la Napoleon, and said magnificently:

"Mister, there is time for all manner of things. I do not understand English wit, my God, no. Speak seriously, or consider yourself under immediate notice to leave this estate. I am the agent of Miss René Biron."

The smile never quitted Mr. Fox's face, and he said whisperingly, "This is not a question of whether you shall turn me out, but whether I shall turn you and Miss Biron out. Comprenez-vous, monsieur? You have heard a will read that was written a year ago; you may have to listen to one that was written last week. How is that? Is that droll?"

"Have you got that will?" asked M. de Gaillefontaine after a moment of reflection.

"No; but if I had you would not get it from me. Tom Reynolds the gardener is over there, see; he would come if I called, and he is stronger than you. And now, monsieur, as an answer to my question—will it be agreeable to you to talk with me to-night, before Miss Biron makes it impracticable? Shall we amiably, as suits our joint interests, settle what we shall do with the young lady and her two hundred thousand pounds?"

"We will talk about it here."

"Not so; it is cold, and the evening is closing in. I am nervous in the dark, M. de Gaillefontaine. I am older than you—more infirm. Shall we go indoors?"

"At your pleasure, mister. After you."

"I would prefer to follow you."

Mr. Fox drew back, and M. de Gaillefontaine passed him and marched on in front with superb indifference; but he murmured to himself, "This Fox is no slog; he is a reptile, and I have been most deceived."

"Shall you do me the honor to come to my rooms, or shall you prefer an interview in your own apartment?"

"We will go into the library."

"But Miss Biron takes her tea there."

"You and I will take tea with her."

"I do not like tea—bah! it is medicine. I have taken my coffee; it is sufficient. I have no appetite."

"I have, monsieur; and I like tea."

M. de Gaillefontaine paused on the steps of the house, and said, "You will pardon me, but I see not your motive in making an interview in the presence of Miss Biron. If this is true which you tell me, and Miss Biron hears of it, she will of herself, of her own will, give up the property. She will not be party to this our little transaction. She is proud, for her mother was of France; she is honorable, and she has notions of justice, mister, which are unappreciated by you and me."

"What you say does credit to your sagacity, monsieur. If she heard of this will she would not take advantage of the other; her father was English, and that is why I would have this interview in her presence."

"I do not understand. I am very stupeed."

"Monsieur, I never contradict. I will explain. As you explained, you and I are not governed by certain restrictions of justice."

"It is true."

"But we have an equal regard for the preservation of our possessions."

"Also that is true."

"Before you agree to accept the conditions I shall impose before suppressing Gregory Biron's latest will, you will doubtless desire to see it."

"Yes, yes; oh, yes!"

"It would be not difficult for you to take it from a weak unprotected old man; but you would not be so rash as to use violence towards

him if he, by saying some five or six words to a lady in the room, could defeat your end. Now you perceive why I should like to take tea with you and Miss Biron. It is for your joint benefit."

"But Miss Biron—she hates you."

"But she loves you, M. de Gaillefontaine, and will be glad to receive your friend kindly. You are such masters of finesse, you French gentlemen. Whilst I fetch the document you will arrange with Miss Biron that she shall not leave the room until I have found an opportunity of proving the existence of this will to you. See how thoughtful I am of your welfare. Now go!"

Mr. Fox was right in his supposition; when he entered the library René received him with formal politeness, replied to his remarks, gave him tea, and presently claiming his indulgence, took a seat by the fire with a book and read. She reclined in a chair and faced the gentlemen at the table; anything they did she might perceive if she chanced to raise her eyes. Mr. Fox, in a smile, indicated this fact to M. de Gaillefontaine, and said:

"It is surprising to me that the French, a people so sociable and disposed to unite amusement with the serious business of eating and drinking, have not a meal to correspond with our tea. When one's hunger is appeased, one loves to linger still over the tea-cup, chatting with an agreeable companion or contesting some sociable game like chess or dominoes."

"We sit after dinner over coffee or liqueur—it is the same—and we play. Do you play dominoes, mister?"

"I am very fond of the game."

"You will do me the honor to play with me?"

"It will give me the greatest pleasure. See, there is a table. I will, if you please, remove my tea. Not if it is to disturb you, Miss Biron; pray do not move. Thank you. There, now, monsieur, we can engage in a friendly game."

René resettled herself in her seat, and the two men removed to the table, Mr. Fox leading the way. As M. de Gaillefontaine followed, his quick beady eyes on Mr. Fox and René, he slid a table-knife from the table and up the capacious cuff of his shirt-sleeve. Seated opposite to each other at the chess-table, they were at the back of René.

M. de Gaillefontaine shuffled the dominoes. They drew, and played a game through with such observations as usually pass, and at its conclusion Mr. Fox smiled significantly. M. de Gaillefontaine again shuffled the dominoes, and Mr. Fox put his hand into his breast.

"You have drawn?"

"Yes."

"It is your pose, mister." As he spoke M. de Gaillefontaine cleared the table.

"Double six," said Mr. Fox, keeping his eyes upon René and his adversary as he slipped a document under the table and began to unfold it carefully.

"Six-four."

Mr. Fox had pasted the paper on parchment, and it required careful handling to prevent noise.

"Double four."

"Four all!" said Mr. Fox, bringing the will slowly over the edge of the table.

"Four-five," said M. de Gaillefontaine, his eyes reading the paper as it came up.

Mr. Fox had the top grasped tightly in his bony fingers; the formal introduction was concealed, but the conclusion, willing all Gregory's worldly possessions to his grandson, Hugh Biron, was visible, with the signature of Gregory Biron, and the names of Thérèse de Gaillefontaine and Silas Fox as witnesses.

"Six-blank," said M. de Gaillefontaine aloud, and leaning over the table, whispered.

"Blank-blank," said Mr. Fox, and whispered, "What?"

"There is no date, my friend," whispered Gaillefontaine.

Mr. Fox, glancing towards René, shifted his fingers to display the date, and in that moment M. de Gaillefontaine seized hold of the will; but Mr. Fox as alert clutched his side of the parchment paper with the grip of Death.

"One-blank."

The men rose. Each was pulling at the paper. Suddenly M. de Gaillefontaine shook his sleeve, flashed a knife before Mr. Fox's eyes, and brought it downwards. Mr. Fox snatched back his hand, yet retaining his hold; the knife went through the strained link, dividing it, and came down upon the table.

"Domino!" cried M. de Gaillefontaine.

[To be continued.]



Puck's Archanges.

FOUND.

HE has been found—the man who doesn't speak of the "genial and gentlemanly beneficiary." He belongs to the *Cleveland Herald*, and he does it thus: "Frank Finney, the ogre who guards the entrance to the Euclid Avenue Opera House, announces a 'testimonial benefit' for himself. We take pleasure in announcing the fact, that the many patrons of the Opera House, whom he has treated with great rudeness, may look out for the date, and avoid the theatre on that evening."

KLEIN'S BALD CROWN.

MR. KLEIN, of Tennessee, is bald-headed. If the hairs of his head are numbered, the process does not rise to the dignity of enumeration. Mr. Klein is a very proud man, and his bereavement falls heavily upon him. But his antipathy for wigs is stronger than his pride; he won't wear them. Yet he felt compelled to do something to improve the appearance of his skull; so he painted it, laying on his colors with rare profusion. Thus decorated, he went to church. The choir was demoralized at taking a bird's-eye view of his variegated scalp. The demoralization spread. The most important heads in the sermon could not compete with Mr. Klein's head in the matter of securing and holding the attention of the congregation. The general neglect of the new bonnets for the contemplation of Klein's frescoed top-piece still further increased Klein's capacity as a disturbing element. And Klein was bounced, as the last expedient for restoring the normal condition of things. Sadly impressed with the "rarity of Christian charity," he resolved to throw himself to the devil. To this end he went to the theatre, selecting a tragedy night, and seated himself in the pit. Here his painted head exceeded the drop curtain in the variety and brilliancy of its colors and in its power to attract the attention of the audience. Klein's frescoed crown was the object on which all eyes were focused. The titter which went round the house increased to immoderate cackling and culminated in riotous proceedings. The tragedy became a farce, and the furious tragedians had Klein arrested. He was adjudged a lunatic. Vainly he protested; he was confined among madmen. And, at last accounts, what Klein wants to know is this: whether there is anything in the constitution or the law to prevent a man from painting his head. Klein undoubtedly has the constitution and the law on his side;

but the contest is unequal, for all that. There is no case on record where a man, though backed by the constitution and the law, successfully sported a painted scalp in opposition to public sentiment. Just at present his disadvantage is greater than it would be at almost any other time. He is liable to be mistaken for an animated war-map, and torn in fragments by an infuriated people. If Klein is a man of discretion, he will soak his head and retire from the contest.—*Worcester Press*.

THE farmer who thought to demoralize a field of potato-bugs by planting rows of onions between the rows of potatoes is not feeling as smart as he was. The *Worcester Press* says that when he saw the bugs crawl off the onion tops and chew cardamon seeds for their breath before attacking the next row of potato-vines, he went into the woodshed and gave way to his feelings.

THERE is a gloomy truth about the *Rome Sentinel's* remark that "ladies decorate their hats with flowers in tender memory of the men who have been killed by millinery bills."

"WHEN Dom Pedro was in Oil City"—so says the *Derrick*—"he visited the factory where they make chewing gum out of the refuse from petroleum, and the old man's teeth watered all the time he was in the building. This information may come a little late, but a truthful news item, an item that can be relied upon, is beautiful though it be bald-headed."

A BOY having been told "that a reptile was an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one, on examination day, promptly replied, "A baby."—*Boston Advertiser*.

A WORD of encouragement from the *Boston Post*: "The New York Cab Company is a Jehudicious movement."

THE *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* thus reports: "Young man in editorial room—'I have a poem which I read on Dec'—Dead.'"

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE from the *Fulton Times*: "Jeff. Davis is drifting about in the world penniless and alone, with little ambition and no chewing tobacco."

"SAMUEL J. TILDEN will certainly become an old maid if he doesn't do something before long," is the unfeeling observation of the *Buffalo Express*.

THIS is the way the *Newark Call* gives away that hapless burgh: "Newark is not a worse city, morally, than any other, but it frequently presents some unique phases of iniquity, as when, the other day, a depraved Newarker, whose name, suggestively enough, is Burns, after pawning everything else in the house for liquor, spouted the family Bible and on the proceeds thereof got blind drunk."

THIS paragraph, from the *Richmond Enquirer*, is the outcome of none knows how much painful experience, or how many æons of suffering: "Man composes, but the printer discomposes."

A LITTLE boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed: "It's true, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so, if it ain't so."—*Sarcastic Exchange*.

IF you hate a man, don't shoot him. Start a bank and make him cashier, and then see how quickly he will slip into jail.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

THE *Pittsburgh Dispatch* ought to be ashamed of itself, for it unfeelingly says that "fat women disappear from the museums during the summer season, and what becomes of them nobody knows, but oleomargarine is suspected."

We don't know whether the idea originated with the *Pioneer Press*, or whether that paper borrowed it from some other without credit—but this is the item it recently contained:

"The only equivalent in the Japanese language for the English word 'baptism or immersion' is soaking. A ludicrous illustration of its application is the following from the Baptist translation of the Bible into Japanese, which that good orthodox, the *Alliance*, says greatly astonished the Japs: 'In those days came John the soaker, preaching the soaking of repentance. Repent and be soaked, every one of you.'"

WHAT the Worcester *Press* doesn't know about the devious ways of the potato-bug isn't worth knowing; and we fully believe it when it says: "An ingenious farmer planted a few rows of potatoes zigzag, to bother the bugs. These rows were just about enough for the cross-eyed bugs, who partook with feelings of profound gratitude."

"It is stated that they recognized the long-missing arms of the Venus of Milo by the vaccination mark near the elbow of her left arm." So says the *Phil. Evening Bulletin*, vaccin' warm over the subject.

We have just perfected an invention which will probably relieve us in the future from the persecution of life-insurance agents and book-canvassers. It is in the nature of a Patent Combination Reflex-action Door-scraper. We fasten it down by the side of the lowest step in front of our house, and wait until a book-canvasser comes along, which one is tolerably certain to do within fifteen or twenty minutes. The canvasser stops to scrape his boots, while he thinks up some new and vigorous exaggeration with which to impose on us. As his foot touches the iron, two clamps fly over his instep and hold him fast; a steel claw suddenly shoots up his leg and grabs his trowsers; a trap flies open in the pavement, and the victim is hauled into the coal cellar, where we have an infuriated Irishman engaged to mellow him and flatten him out with a scoop-shovel. We allow the Irishman a royalty upon the remains, and he seems to be animated by an earnest enthusiasm which promises rich results. If the machine works well, we shall either buy a graveyard or found a medical college. In the meantime, persons in want of bodies for dissection or other purposes will please apply. — *Evening Bulletin*.

JUNE 21st will be the hangman's day in Pennsylvania. Eli Perkins is warned to keep out of the State that day. — *Evening Chronicle*.

"Now, Ulysses," said Mrs. Grant, "I have no objection to your dining with Mrs. Guelph, Arthur Wellesley, or any other respectable people; but don't you come kiting home at three o'clock in the morning and tell me you have 'Bin th' lodge 'ith Wales.' It is too thin. Do you hear me?" And the Boston *Bulletin* goes behind the returns and says: "It is presumed that the conqueror of Vicksburg did not, as he was busy thinking how they ordered a cocktail in England."

WHEN Suleiman Pasha summons Niksiki to surrender, they will probably respond, "Niksikumarouse!" — *Fat Contributor*.

AND NOW Bob Toombs is preparing another speech, to be delivered this month. Won't somebody strangle him and make his name and residence synonymous? — *Wilkesbarre Record*.

MRS. ALEXANDER CORBET, of Vermont, who is eighty-two years old, claims to have read the Bible through eighty times. And the Turner's Falls *Reporter* wickedly insinuates that she acts as proxy for the rest of the State, presumably.

CINCINNATI *Sat. Night*: "What were you during the war?" asked Ben, looking steadily at him with one eye and all around him with the other. "I was a paymaster," replied the witness. Said Ben, with a lurking doubt in his voice, "Did you ever pay anything?"

THIS is the vindictive style in which the St. Louis *Journal* makes a thrust at a hated rival: "A colored suckling took the third premium at the Pittsburgh baby show, and it was truly pitiful to hear the howlings of the *Fost* the next day over Grant and 'Grantism.'"

MR. REWEY, of the Worcester *Press*, who has devoted a great deal of study to the subject, winks knowingly, and observes that "the war correspondent in Russia finishes his day's work by flipping up a cent to see whether he shall close his dispatch with the blowing up of a Turkish gunboat or with an intimation that Nicsic will probably be revictualled within forty-eight hours. Nicsic wins about seven times in ten."

CELIA THAXTER in her last poem says: "The Sunrise never failed us yet." The lady is quite right, and we confess with shame that on two or three occasions we have failed the sunrise—which is the humiliating admission of the Richmond *Enquirer*.

THE *Herald* P. I. man, in his most harmless mood, informs us that Prince Bismarck and family have gone to Kissingen, whereupon the ribald paragrapher of the Wilkesbarre *Record* adds: "In a man and woman who have reached the age of Mr. and Mrs. Bismarck, this action is simply ridiculous. The idea of going to Kissingen by two old parties like these is sickening. The younger Bismarcks may do it, and it would pass for the wild hilarity of youth; but for the old folks to go it—faugh!"

A LITTLE Latin is a dangerous thing for the average humorist, but the Boston *Bulletin* makes this desperate struggle: "I hope you won't mention this as coming from me, sir," remarked a barber, as he imparted a delicious bit of scandal to a customer whose chin he was shaving. "Never fear," said the customer, "I shall regard this scrape as perfectly sub-razor."

THE Wilkesbarre editor gives a quiet chuckle as he observes: "We noticed that she was putting on more style and getting up on her imperial dignity the last time she wrote, inclosing her subscription for the *Record* in advance; but we didn't care to say anything about it until some autograph hunter stole it from our letter file."

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THIS is the neat reportorial style in which the Oil City *Derrick* puts it: "Yesterday a workman engaged in repairing the old saving bank building fell from a scaffold and skinned his nose, making a painful but not necessarily fatal wound."

THE *Fat Contributor*, growing sad and philosophic, muses:—"There is nothing but a plain slab at the head of the mound, but the simple inscription upon it tells its own sad story: 'He was umpire in a close game.'"

"I would like to see them steam-cars put on," muses the poor, overworked street-car horse, "if I wouldn't, dummy!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"We are surprised to read in an exchange that 'the corn of Mr. Redman, of Lycoming county, is seven feet high.' We pity Redman. We cannot imagine how he gets his boot on, over such a corn as that," says the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, in a tone of sorrow.

THE *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* grows deductive, and reasons that if bread is the staff of life, it wouldn't be out of the way to call pound-cake the goldheaded cane of our existence.

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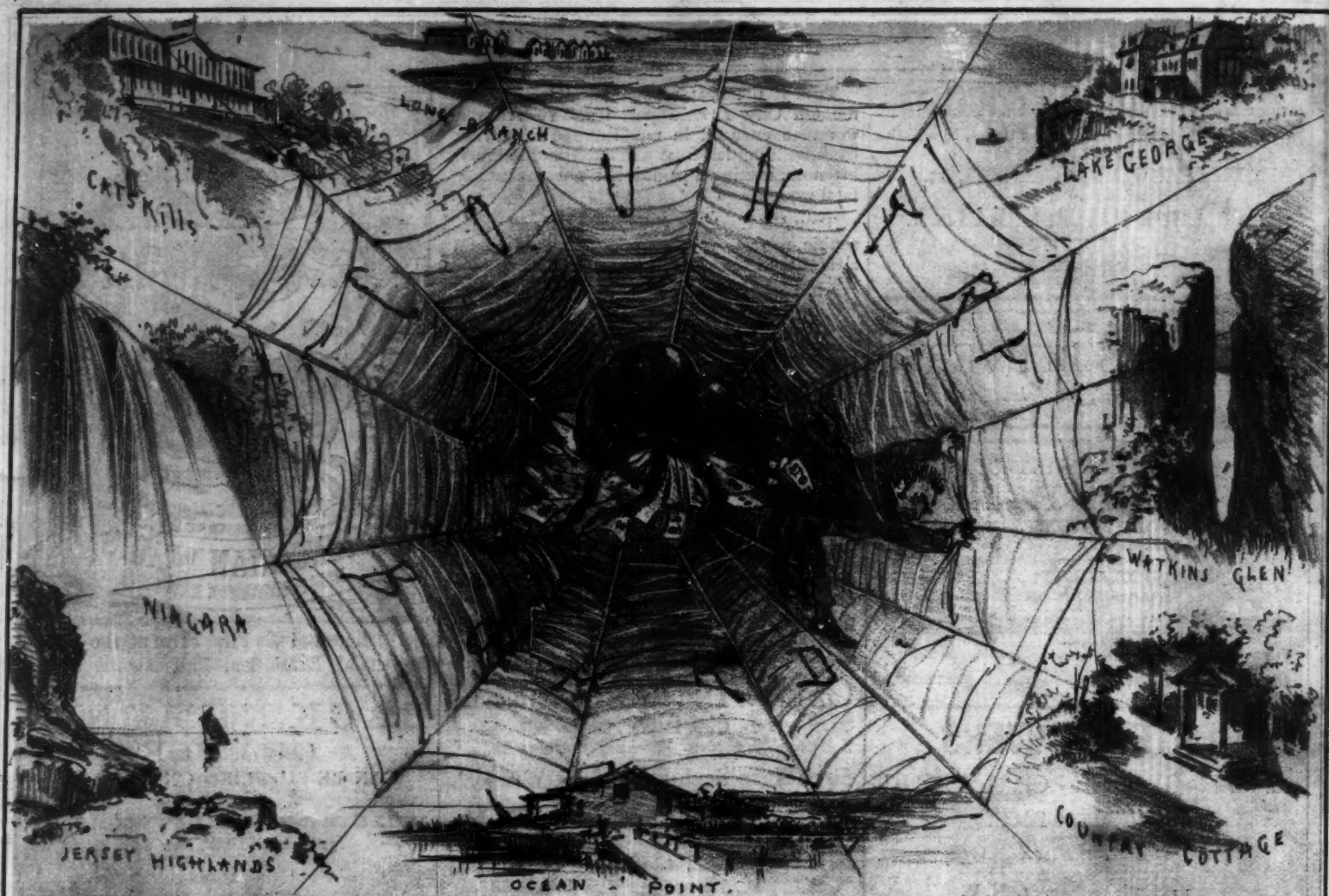
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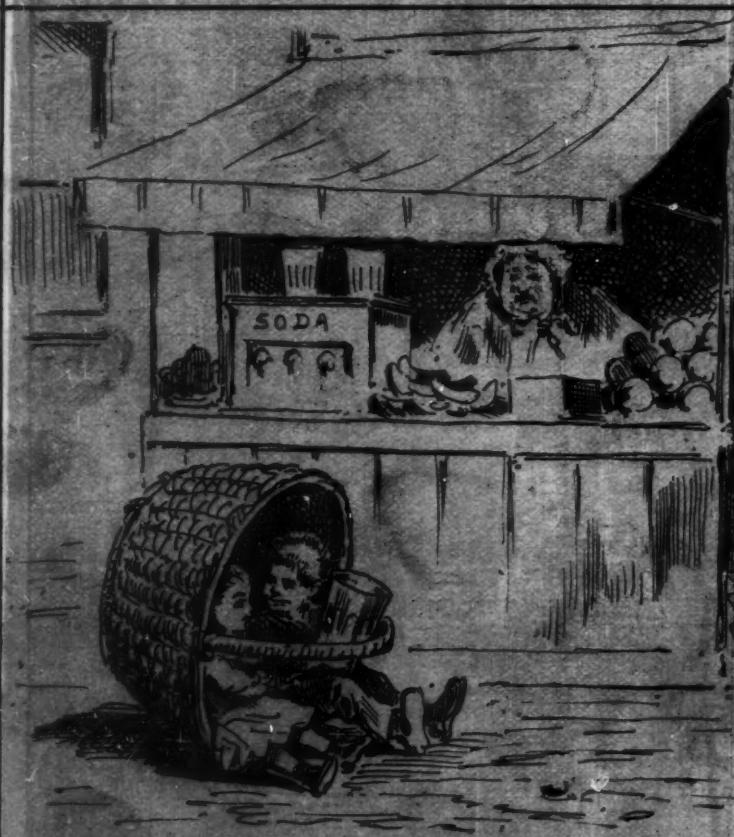
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LITTLE MICKEY. "Here, Arabella, come sit under de shade, and I'll treat yer to tree cents' worth of Sessypariller, wid a dash of Vaniller in it. Ain't it prime?"



PREFERRING FUN TO FURBELOWS.

LITTLE BLANCHE. "Would you give me your clothes for mine?"
 LITTLE BIDDY. "Wot fur?"
 LITTLE BLANCHE. "Then they'd let me on board the steamer to go to the Poor Children's Pic-nics at the Sea-side."